Dainty, Clinging Frocks Now More Popular Than Tailor-Made Gowns

Severer Lines of the Latter Although Affording Beautiful Lines and Made in Rich Materials Not So Appealing to the Feminine Taste as the Softer Fabrics. Fascinating Models in All White—A Costly Fad

By MISS MANHATTAN.

YOU may say what you will about the beauty in the lines and fit of a tailor-made gown, and even go into raptures over the richness of the material, we cannot be persuaded that the truly feminine creature prefers this style to those soft, clinging gowns designed especially for the delectation of the masculine critics who drop in for an afternoon of tea and chat. Though recognizing the value of this severer style, we know that the fashionable woman is quite satisfied with two or three of such frocks, whereas a dozen of the daintier gowns is hardly a sufficient number in which to embody the many new and attractive conceptions of her modiste.

Too much cannot be said in favor of all white, both for carriage and house wear, and the fascinating models just arrived from Paris, as well as from Vienna, show at least four of this pure tone to one of any color.

A costlier fad could hardly be devised, and herein lies its greatest hold upon those who are fond of dress.

A New London Weave.

Among the novelty fabrics there is a new weave called London twine, which closely resembles the canvas and veilings so well liked all last season. Of course, London twine is much heavier than any of these other materials, and, as the name implies, there is a suggestion of coarseness about the mesh. The blues and browns are particularly effective, and there is a possibility in this twine cloth that had not before been reached in genuine winter-weight fabrics.

Tucks and plaits are easily run without giving a stiff effect, while for drapery this London novelty is without a rival.

Apropos of brown, it seems a pity that its blossoming into popular favor should receive such a blast as was given it the other day by a dramatic critic. Of course, this man may have been utterly unconscious of the fact that brown has been making a strong bid for color lead, nevertheless few women will care to be seen in it after his unkind remark. It seems that when a stage heroine ceases to be on good terms with her old friends because she has fallen from grace, she immediately dons brown. Mrs. Campbell as Mrs. Ebbsmith wears brown, Duse wears it, and the latest recruit to its significant tone is Virginia Harned in her new play "Iris." To be sure she wears a lovely brown, rich, golden, and as becoming as one could wish, but the fate of the color has been irrevocably sealed. Brown looks so beautiful with furs, too, that it seems a great pity to give it up all on account of having our attention called to this peculiar stage idiosyncrasy.

Miss Harned's Brown Dress.

However, Miss Harned's brown dress was one of the prettiest she wore in the play and when she stood before the small mirror to put on the hat and boa belonging to the costume, she was indeed a picture. The hat was a tremendous one of rich brown velvet laden with glossy plumes to match, and the neck piece was a rather full one of shirred brown tulle. There is some balm in Gilead in the fact that brown furs, that is sable, mink and the dyed foxes are not to be so fashionable as they were last year, and instead of these, we see many grey squirrel and ermine pieces. To harmonize with the latter furs it is considered quite the correct thing to wear either green, blue or gray, with a slight preference in favor of the former.

Nearly all of the pretty soft dresses are made with a stock and tie of silk in a contrasting shade. The little conceit imparts an air of chic impossible to secure by another means. For instance, a green and blue small plaid had a pointed turnover and four-in-hand scarf made of brilliant green peau de soie. Both pieces were stitched three times in black silk and at the corners of the turnover, as well as on the deep pointed ends of the scarf were conventional clusters of black French knots. If you want to give a fresh touch to a last season's waist add a collar and tie of this kind and see if the result is not wholly satisfactory.

For an evening gown a pretty effect is presented in the pointed berthe shown here. The trimming is made of filet lace and is finished about the bottom with two rows of black velvet ribbon. The elbow sleeves are treated in the same manner, and this deep ruffle finish which has been handed over to us from the summer modes may be set down as one of the prettiest survivals in dress.

A Lovely Dinner Dress.

Pale blue mousseline de soie, with the skirt tucked in radiating clusters, made an extremely lovely high necked dinner dress. Inch wide bands of Cluny were inserted so that they met at the waist and spread gradually toward the bottom, where they ended in points falling over a deep flounce of chiffon. In the center of each tablier was inset a medallion of Cluny.

Another gown of French gray presented the new thirteen gored skirt treated in a novel way. The gores were joined by clusters of tiny tucks and running from hem to belt in the center of each width was a graduated row of embroidered batiste wheels. The largest one measured about three inches in diameter, while those immediately surrounding the waist were scarcely more than the size of a thumbnail. The corsage repeated the same motif in such a way that the style did not seem at all monotonous.

It is such an easy matter to make a dress like this for oneself, and the price asked by even a modest modiste would be far beyond the means of any but the rich.

Separate waists have, according to most of the fashion magazines, been on the eve of departure from the ranks of the elect, yet they go on being worn just the same. In fact, there seems to be a greater demand than ever for them, though nowadays such garments must be rich in fine hand-work, either embroidery or lace.

The New Ribbon Hat.

Last week I discussed the new ribbon ruches and muffs, but at that time the ribbon hat had not made its appearance. Since then this rather striking and very pretty idea has launched itself on the theatergoing members of the fair sex. In shape the ribbon hat is wide and flat, and both crown and under brim are laid with soft folds of mousseline or tulle of some desirable light color. Bordering the edge of the spreading brim, crushed about the half hidden crown and falling over the back, are masses of narrow taffeta ribbons looped and knotted to produce a full effect. Sometimes a large ostrich plume is added, but the hat seems more youthful, and certainly much more simple, without this other adornment. I think the novelty was first seen at an afternoon function at Lenox, so there is no doubt as to the cordiality of the reception awaiting it here.

Has anyone remarked a decrease in the bag habit manifested by women of every degree in the social scale? The only difference I have seen is in the costliness of the article, for every feminine creature feels that she is far from being completely costumed unless she is carrying a fancy leather or silk bag.

Bags Larger Than Ever.

The newest style in this convenient accessory is considerably larger than those we have grown accustomed to using. They are almost square, just a trifle longer than wide, and come in lovely shades of Russia leather. Moire silk of the same color furnishes the lining, while the rim and clasps are either fancifully chased metal or gold and silver sparkling with jewels. A moderately long chain is fastened to each bag, but this is never hung at the belt, as fashion once allowed.

Nothing could be more fascinating than the belts and buckles that come in the new tints of gold. At present there is a fad for wearing pins in lieu of buttons down the front of one's waist, and a buckle fastened just in front adds the finishing touch.

Roses in reddish Burmese gold made a stunning set of such pins to be worn on a blouse of pure white crepe. A bit of the soft material was drawn through two bars of the gold, one at each side, while two full-blown flowers furnished the clasp design. Some of the less expensive stones are used to ornament the elaborate sets, but it must be confessed these are no prettier than the solid gold ones.

Buckles and Bars.

L'art nouveau is represented even in these trifles, but the swirling draperies and graceful figures so characteristic of this style are confined chiefly to the larger pieces of the set, such as buckles and occasionally broad bars.

A reddishgold bulldog head with eyes and collar of amethyst, rubies, or diamonds, has long been considered a favorite tie or stock clasp, but it has remained for the new art to introduce elephants' and lions' heads. All manner of trinkets are to be found in this odd design, and some young women have taken to wearing sets that suggest a menagerie.

Very dainty and useful corsage knots and sashes are made in a combination of ribbons and flowers. Of the ribbons now in vogue soft liberty taffetas tie the prettiest and besides they look effective with clusters of fruits, berries or bunches of chiffon blossoms.

Frequently artificial flowers are utilized with good effect in making these gown decorations, and chiffons particularly have been found to lend themselves to treatment after this fashion.

Sprays of velvet maidenhair fern in the characteristic green are combined with chiffon roses and ribbon choux, frosted white berries, pale green and scarlet balls offer a pretty variety in such details, while velvets and satins twisted into soft simple little knots succeed in transforming a plain frock into something far beyond the ordinary.

Applique of Felt Bands on Chantilly Lace.

Dainty Reception Dress in Opal Tints.

One of the New London Twine Dresses.

Fashionable Dinner Gowns Repeat the Graceful Sleeve Drapery of the Summer.

A BLACK SIBYL OF THE WAR

AMONG the persons who, in a noteworthy manner, contributed to the alleviation of the distress in Washington during the civil war was Sojourner Truth, whose unique personality is still favorably recalled by many soldiers and civilians, both white and colored.

Immediately after the emancipation proclamation, thousands of negroes, in all stages of poverty and helplessness, flocked to Washington. Chaos reigned at the Capital, and among the worst sufferers were the newly-arrived negroes, among whom were much sickness and destitution. The colored residents could do little for themselves, and still less for the unfortunate newcomers. Charitable work among them was carried on by societies organized for the purpose. Missions already in existence were enlarged as funds permitted.

Then appeared among the distressed "the modern prophetess of her race." Born in slavery in New York, early in the Revolution, she had become widely known by reason of her association with the Hon. George Thompson and other distinguished abolitionists, during the preceding decade. When emancipated, in 1817, Isabella, as she had been known in slavery, decided to adopt a new name. She chose the fanciful appellation of "Sojourner," because she was then without a home, and—by Divine revelation.

"I can't read de books, but I can read de people," she said, and she possessed in the highest degree the power to adapt herself to all dispositions and circumstances. She lived and died in ignorance of the alphabet, but her logic had the force of a catapult, and her wit the keenness of a rapier. Her quick replies to unexpected questions and her weird inquiries of other speakers made or marred the success of countless public meetings. In 1858 she visited Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, whose house was filled with distinguished theologians. Though she had been neither invited nor expected, she was kindly welcomed. A year or two later Mrs. Stowe, while visiting the family of W. W. Story, in Rome, related the history of Sojourner Truth. Thus was inspired Story's "Libyan Sibyl," which was displayed at the international exhibition in London in 1862. The figure of the "Sibyl" was that of a woman of mature years, leaning forward, elbow on knee and chin resting in the palm of one hand—Sojourner's favorite pose. The face was of Nubian cast, with mournful eyes and wavy, plaited hair. The "Sibyl" was regarded by the critics as the most impressive of the 901 pieces of sculpture in the exhibition.

Sojourner Truth was received at the White House by President Lincoln November 17, 1864, and December 1 was commissioned by the National Freedman's Relief Association a "counselor" to the emancipated negroes who had formed a colony on Arlington Heights. She devoted an entire year to the work of teaching the women cleanliness and other domestic virtues. She then became a nurse in the Freedman's Hospital. Her duties compelled her to visit every portion of the city, and she was frequently deprived of the use of the "Jim Crow" cars, because they were filled with white people. On her complaint to the president of the transportation company, the "Jim Crow" cars ceased to be used. The negroes were accorded the privilege of riding in the cars with the white people, and the prejudice against this practice gradually died out.

For many years she had cherished a plan to establish somewhere in the West a colony in which colored people might become self-supporting. To this end, when nearly ninety years of age, she addressed the United States Senate. She was heard with profound interest and respect, but her project aroused no enthusiasm. Undaunted, she dictated a petition to Congress, and in 1870 delivered a series of public lectures on this subject. Though her hopes in regard to the colony were never realized, her labors undoubtedly wrought good to both races, rendering the white people more considerate, patient and helpful, and the negroes more industrious and ambitious. She died in Battle Creek, Mich., November 26, 1883, aged fully 108 years. At 2007 Vermont Avenue, in this city, on an old-fashioned red brick house a gilt-lettered sign bears the words "Sojourner Truth Home." It was opened about seven years ago to provide shelter and training in domestic service for a small number of young colored women.

The G. A. R. in Washington.

In the clear October sunlight,
To the sound of fife and drum,
Shoulder to shoulder, as long ago
The serried legions come.
From every State in the Union
The soldier boys in blue
Come down to the great encampment
Of nineteen hundred and two.

The songs of the marching legions
Come ringing through the night;
From every house in the city
Are floating the colors bright.
The flag of the loyal Union,
From street and avenue,
Welcomes its gathering army
Of soldier boys in blue.

Through all the city echoes
The roll of the war-drum's beat,
And hearts keep time to the music
And the tread of marching feet,
As they move in double column
Along the Avenue,
Shoulder to shoulder as long ago—
The soldier boys in blue.

Far over hill and valley
Their camp-fires burn tonight,
And many a memory-picture
Flames out in the glowing night
Of comrades long departed
To join the Great Review,
Where one by one they all shall meet—
The soldier boys in blue.

THE HUMOR OF TRAGIC TIMES

ONE of the Indiana regiments was severely attacked by a whole rebel brigade in one of the battles in Mississippi. The Indianians were unable to withstand such odds and fell back about forty or fifty yards, losing—to the utter mortification of officers and men—their flag, which remained in the hands of the enemy. Suddenly a tall Irishman, a private of the color company, rushed from the ranks across the vacant ground, attacked the squad of rebels who had possession of the conquered flag with his musket, felled several to the ground, snatched the flag from them, and returned safely back to his regiment. The brave fellow was, of course, immediately surrounded by his jubilant comrades and greatly praised for his gallantry, his captain appointing him to a sergeancy on the spot; but the hero of the occasion cut everything short by the reply:

"Oh, niver mihnd, captain; say no more about it. I dropped my whisky flask among the rebels and fetched that back, and I thought I might just as well bring the flag along."

* * *

"Our boys will remember," said a veteran, "that at 6 o'clock in the morning all the sick men in the regiment were summoned by a call of the bugle to the surgeon's quarters to receive their daily allowance of quinine and blue mass, and to get their excuse from duty for the day. The surgeon would look each one over and ask what was the trouble with him, and, if he thought proper, give him his dose and his excuse.

"One day a tall, fine looking fellow, the picture of health, asked for an excuse. The surgeon asked, 'What's the matter with you?' 'Well, doctor,' he answered, 'my eyes are sore, and it hurts me to dress to the right.' He didn't get his excuse that day."

* * *

"The captain of one of our Harrisburg companies," remarked a member of one of the Pennsylvania posts, "had hard work in bringing his men up to the military standard of promptness and efficiency. One of his men was uniformly late in making his appearance, but when the morning came that they were to march to meet the foe, 'Jinks' was the very first man on the ground. He saluted our astonished captain, who congratulated him on his early appearance, and worked off the Irishman's three-barreled joke. 'Why, Corporal Jinks, I'm glad to see you. You are first at last; you're early or late; you were always behind before.'

"The corporal was never late after this, and made a cracking good soldier, too."

* * *

It will be remembered by many of the veterans that the transport on which General Butler took passage for Ship Island was run ashore on some shoal down South, and for some time was in great peril. There was more or less alarm among the soldiers. The boats were put in readiness to land the troops, and among the first to rush for a safe place on board was a chaplain. As he was about to step from the transport to the boat General Butler seized him by the shoulder, exclaiming, "Look, here, my long-haired friend, you came here to pray for us, and now the first time we really need your services, you desert your post. Step back, sir."

* * *

"When our regiment," said a member of the Tenth Maine, "was guarding the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad from the relay house to Annapolis Junction, our men were stationed at short intervals for the length of ten miles. To carry provisions to the men we had an engine and one car, which would make the trip every morning. As you know, a sentry on duty is expected to 'present arms' only to the field or staff officers as they pass. It was noticed by the officer in charge that the sentry always brought his piece to a 'present' as the dinner train passed. The officer said to him, 'Why do you "present arms" to us—we are not the colonel?' The answer was, 'Do you think I care more for the colonel than for my dinner? Not by a long jump!'"